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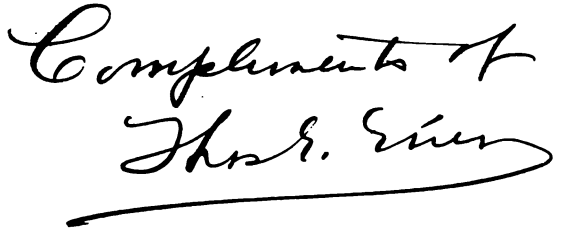
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LETTERS FROM CUBA


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Letters from Cuba

BY A SON TO HIS MOTHER



Issued for Private Circulation



By THOMAS GRAHAM GRIER



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Dedicated to Our Best Friends,
Our Mothers

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THOMAS GRAHAM GRIER

Preface

LETTERS from a traveler in foreign countries must be of merit to obtain the attention and hold the interest of the general public.

Letters from a friend, who is seeing new sights and scenes carry with them the personal element, which allows the reader's imagination to make up for deficiencies in literary style and incompleteness of detail.

I am indebted to many friends for my opportunities of travel, but my appreciation could only be expressed by an occasional souvenir postal card.

There is so much to see, and so little time to write.

While my friends had an interest in my journey, there was no one so close or interested as my mother, and my letters were written to her.

Now that time permits, fourteen of these letters are being sent to you. As you read them, just turn back the pages of time, and travel in spirit with me.

Many of the illustrations are reproductions of souvenir postal cards and pictures sent home with the letters.

THOMAS GRAHAM GRIER.



The Malecon Drive. Band Stand. Morro Castle opposite La Punta Fort. Fort Cabanas opposite. Havana Harbor and fore-front. Students' Memorial Tablet.

As one approaches the Northern extremity of the Prado the above is the Panorama they see; farther to the right than could be shown in the picture is the Carcel and Presidio. It was at this point the old wall of Havana ended. This view is practically what one would see looking from the roof of the Mir Mar Hotel

LETTER I.

Key West to Havana—Incidents on the Passage and on Landing—Wreck of the "Maine."

HAVANA, February 16, 1906.

The distance between Key West and Havana is about ninety miles. Late in the evening of the fourteenth of February we steamed out of Key West. My berth was in a state-room opening out on the upper deck, and even though it offered opportunity for ventilation, it was so hot that sleep was almost impossible.

At five on the morning of the fifteenth I was up; the noise of the deck hands washing the deck was more persuading than an alarm clock for early rising. At seven A. M. I viewed a cloud bank on the distant horizon, thinking it was Cuba; but no, an hour must pass. In the meantime I breakfasted heartily and was in nowise crowded, for many were sick, "overcome by the heat." It looked like "mal de mer," but we were charitable and allowed the delusion to remain.

The gentle roll and pitch of our slow moving vessel, as she crossed aslant the ground swells, made me think of the early days when we boys paddled our canoes out in the middle of the stream, when the steamboats passed, to catch the "rollies." After breakfast I gazed over the rail and watched the flying fish disport as if they were swallows, and now and then a larger fish rise above its element. The flying fish flew full fifty feet, if not more, and were a curious sight to me.

At eight-thirty A. M. through a misty rain

we saw the shores of Havana (Cuba). No poetic pen has ever described them in a rain; plain prose was amply sufficient. The glistening sunlight and elusive tints that gild the guide-book descriptions were missing.

We passed Morro Castle and the Punta, and came to anchor near the wreck of the "Maine" Tuesday, *the eighth anniversary* of the sinking of the "Maine." For this reason we found the wreck decorated with a United States flag and garlands of flowers. Several patriotic societies celebrated the day, and a number of functions were held. We saw the decorations as we lay in the harbor, but missed all other details.

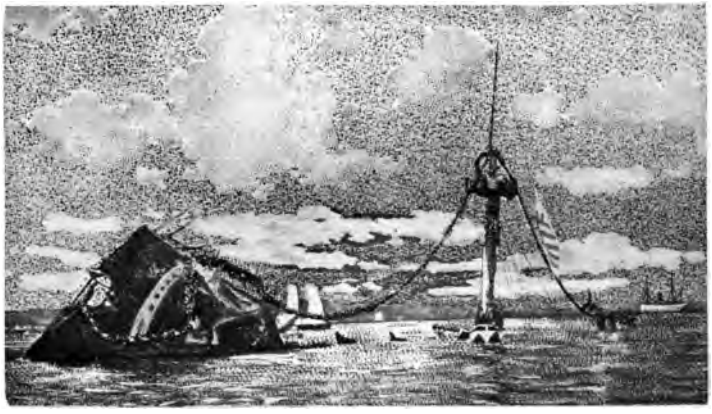
With the rain, the confusion of tongues, the strangeness of everything, the search for quarters, we had our hands too full to find out about everything, and contented ourselves with reading it in the newspaper the next day.

After the Doctor had passed us all as having good health, we were taken on shore in a lighter; we would call it a steam yacht. A confusion of passengers and baggage followed. Having been through Custom Houses before, I extricated my companions and self from the unknown trials quickly. Our baggage in the possession of the express companies, we had nothing to do but find our hotel, the Pasaje (the "Pasach-he" is what it sounds like). We reached there. It is one thousand meters, a kilometer, from the wharf; but as the rush was so great we could not secure rooms, and it was necessary to look elsewhere, which we did.

Our trunks and suit cases had been sent to the Pasaje Hotel; after an hour's search we found our suit cases. The Cubans do not care to work hard and the express companies are really not shining examples of activity; in fact, it is too hot to work hard in Havana. We were told not to expect our trunks until late. Havana had just had automo-



Entrance of the Harbor.



Wreck of the "Maine."

bile races; the Knights of Columbus were there on an excursion, and the papers in the United States had by their articles brought hundreds of tourists to the island. On this most auspicious day the city was deluged both with people and rain. I was told it never rained in Havana in February, but when you are traveling, the unexpected always happens.

With our suit cases we were fixed for a time, and trusted to the morrow to bring forth the trunks. Mind you, it was raining, I had no umbrella, did not know the town, and was not as yet a Spanish student.

As the weary bird in its flight seeks rest, we had to light somewhere. 'Twas the Quinta Avenida, translated the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a Cuban family hotel, where much Spanish and little English was spoken.

The rooms are twenty feet high, twelve feet wide and thirty feet long, and the doors and windows extend from the floor almost to the ceiling, and are locked with strings or little hooks. The first floor has store and warerooms; the second floor, rooms, kitchen, etc.; the third, rooms only. The beds are thus: Springs like cot springs, half a quilt, a blanket, a sheet; then you get in, and then a sheet and a bed-spread. The dampness in Havana does not make a mattress desirable.

The gas is turned off at eleven P. M. and candles are used. You can pay extra and have one electric light. The floor is of marble squares of black and white, and is scrubbed every day. There is no hot water for washing; the rooms do not have private baths, and only two bath rooms on a floor for the hotel.

The people are polite and clean in my hotel; but, horrors! we have fleas, (that is, I seemed to have them all), and I was bitten all over and thought it was the hives; but tush! one gets used to it. They

do not bite any now; my blood was too thick. Ants are plenty on the table, but you must not mind them. You will find fleas and ants at times in most of the public places.

Well, we ate a Cuban breakfast at eleven-fifty-nine A. M., rode on the street cars in the P. M., ate dinner at seven P. M., walked on Obispo and



Second floor of the Quinta Avenida, showing one side of the covered porch which extended around the four inner sides of the court. Three sides were used as dining-rooms.

O'Reilly streets in the evening, retired at ten P. M. and thus ended the first day in Havana, and our rest was that of the shipwrecked mariner after a safe harbor has welcomed him.



A Merchant Cart, taken near the wharf where we landed when we arrived at Havana.

LETTER II.

Sight-Seeing—The Plaza de Armas—Senate Chamber, President's Palace, Cathedral, Etc.

HAVANA, CUBA.

On the morning of the 16th our trunks had not arrived, so we had to "get busy." I had on a heavy winter suit and heavy winter underwear; that trunk of mine had clothes in it I wanted. The sixteenth was a mid summer day and no mistake. I found the express office and through the kindness of an American, the man in charge, some animation was injected into the driver who had brought the trunks up from the steamer; life enough to make him drive his wagon around to several places, while I followed up the clew on foot. I found the trunks stored in the trunk room of the Pasaje Hotel, held for charges, but as I had a receipt with me, they gave them up. The Express Company refused to accept any payment for hauling them to my hotel, the Quinta Avenida, because it had been their mistake.

During my hunt the driver of the wagon did nothing to help, but would calmly loll against any convenient support and eat oranges. I was hot clear through, but could not say anything that Mr. Driver understood. However, it was not long before I had changed my clothing to habiliments more suitable to the climate, and set out to see the wonders of this unique city.

My first attempt at sight-seeing on the 16th was to try a street car ride. Havana at present is not on the harbor alone, but extends for several miles along the sea-coast or gulf-coast of the Gulf

of Mexico from the harbor entrance westward, and makes a beautiful detour like an inverted bow. The harbor for a distance of twelve hundred meters is narrow, and then spreads out into a large inland bay. Havana is surrounded on the North, East and Southeast by water. You can take a car in the center of the city and ride along about ninety per cent of the water front. The street cars are large and comfortable. It costs seven cents in Spanish or five cents in United States money for a ride. In many places the view of the water front is cut off by warehouses and buildings, but the street car ride gives one a good idea of the city. I have taken many street car rides since my first and have tried every line in the city; all the cars are electric and go fast. I have made many excursions, and will rapidly pass over the places visited without reference to dates.

Strolls up and down Obispo and O'Reilly streets were frequent. They are the principal shopping streets of the town, and are in the old part of Havana. These streets run parallel and start at Montserrate Square, at which point the old wall of Havana had one of its gates; they extend Eastward for about a half mile. Within one block of the water front and near their Eastern end, O'Reilly forms the North side of the "Plaza de Armas" and Obispo the South side.

The Plaza de Armas is an open square and was reserved when Havana was founded in 1519. It was a place where the soldiers could drill, and the surrounding space was for the erection of the military and civil buildings. To this spot the tourist should first come, for here is the best starting point to commence his observations.

On the East of the Square stands a small chapel called the Templete, and by it is a ceibia tree. The tree is large, but legend has it that it has



Obispo Street.



A view of O'Reilly Street on which is located the store of my class-mate, J. Lychenheim. Everyone in Havana knows where No. 6 O'Reilly Street is; there is where you get kodak films and Mr. Hibbard shows you how to take pictures.

sprung from the first or parent ceibia that cast its protecting shade over the founders of the city when they held the first mass.

On the North side stands the Senate Chambers and the Fuerza; on the West the President's palace. The Fuerza is an ancient Spanish fortress begun in 1538, and has an interesting history as a fort and as a residence of governors. In 1900 the Americans tore down the walls surrounding the Fuerza, filled



Plaza de Armas—President's Palace in the Background.

up its moats, repaired and restored the old fort, and it is now prized as a memorial of ancient Havana and is used as a museum.

The Senate building is large and contains many rooms and is arranged very much as are similar buildings in the capital cities of the United States. It must be borne in mind that the population of the Cuban Republic is less than two millions.

The President's palace, formerly the home of



Patio of President's Palace.



After you enter the President's Palace, this is a view of one side of the interior Court or Patio. Beautiful flowers are in the center.

the Governor General, is a large two story structure, built around an inner court or patio. It is a well preserved building and much of the furnishings and finish are elegant. How much of the building may have been rebuilt is difficult to say; but according to information given us here, an old church used to stand on this spot, and was torn down in



The Cathedral.

1777 to make room for the Governor General, the now President's Palace.

The Templete is said to have contained the remains of Columbus. This spot was marked in 1747 by a stone obelisk. We were not able to visit the interior of the Templete, but it contains several paintings and some relics of Columbus.

A walk of two blocks East and two blocks North brought us to "The Cathedral" (La Cate-



The Templete.



A reproduction of an old picture of La Fuerza. As you stand facing the Templete, this fort is towards your left. One of the points of interest around the Plaza de Armas.

dral de la Virgen Maria de la Conception). This is a dark and dingy building, with a dome and two towers looking as ancient as the Pyramids, but only dating back to 1704; it was built by the Jesuits. Though uninviting, the exterior, the mosaics, the paintings on the walls and dome, the altar and general finish of the interior, hold the attention. The remains of Columbus were said to have been interred in this cathedral for over a century, and to the public the cathedral is frequently referred to as Columbus Cathedral. These remains, to which I have twice referred, were taken to Seville, Spain, in 1898 or 1899, and are now in the Cathedral of Seville.



View along Central Park, Havana.

LETTER III.

The Punta—The Prado—The Malecon—Hotels and Theatres.

The wharves of the city lie on the harbor side, on what you might call the Eastern and Southeastern edge of the city, and are mainly along the shore of the ancient walled city of Havana.

The Church of San Francisco, in 1762 or 1763, when the English occupied Havana, was used for the troops, and after the evacuation was considered desecrated and not suitable for its original purpose. It is now a part of the Custom House. This is located about four blocks South of the Plaza de Armas.

I took a few passing glimpses of the façade of the "San Francisco de Paula," about three-quarters of a mile South of the Cathedral. There were other churches that we visited on excursions with guides, but by the time you have looked at the high points in any one line, the rest sort of passes by you like a moving picture; and I must get back to some of the points outside of the ancient walled-in city. There is a section of the wall left; it is just about equal to a good-sized brick pile. You look at it and say, "Oh, yes, perhaps sometime I will be sorry that I did not pick up a rock or brick and bring it home."

At the Northern extremity of Havana is the Punta Castle, a square, low-lying fort, with things cut in its sides, or arrow-like projections on its corners. This little bunch of masonry is just across the harbor entrance from Morro, and is called



One of the Wharf Scenes.



All that is left of the old City Wall.

Punta because Punta means "point." It had its share in making history and now is an ornament.

If you should look on the map you would find the word "Malecon" right alongside of the Punta, and I am a little mixed about it; but the Spanish meaning of Malecon, as near as I can find out, is "Sea Wall." From the Punta and Malecon, West in a horse-shoe bend, is a beautiful drive along the Gulf coast for about half a mile, and this leaves the coast and extends out toward the Vedado.

Extending South from the Punta is the Prado; it is very wide and for eight blocks straight. At the point where it strikes Central Park it deflects slightly, passing along Central Park, past the high-priced well known hotels, ending at Colon Park. This is the street on which to do your driving and walking, when you have on your good clothes; or if you want to see the styles, you get a chair and sit out on the side-walk and gaze as the people pass by.

On this street, near the center of the city, are the Telegrafo Hotel, Inglaterra Hotel, Pasaje Hotel, the Young Men's Christian Association, "Mr. Foster's" office, the American Club, the Spanish Club, the Pairet Theatre, the National Theatre, the Tacon Theatre, and near to this center are other hotels, theatres, express companies and railroad stations. Here is where you see the people, except on music nights, then many gather on the Malecon. I will try to mention a few other places visited in my next letter.

There is a beautiful white building near the Malecon on the Prado. It is known as the Mir Mar and is operated as a high grade hotel, but I was informed that it was originally built by prominent New York gamblers for a "swell lay-out," but the authorities would not permit it.



The Prado. This is a view looking North. The buildings on the left are shown in the cut below.



Central Park. A view looking West towards the National or Tacon Theatres, Inglaterra Hotel, American Club and Telegrafo Hotel. The Prado passes in front of these buildings and separates the Park from the buildings.

LETTER IV.

Still Exploring — The Botanical Gardens — The University—Slaughter of the Innocents —Firemen's Monument.

I have visited the Vedado; have gone there in the street car and by carriage. It is a beautiful suburb overlooking the Gulf. Many of the houses are large and beautiful, and the gardens difficult of description; flowers in profusion and of varieties unknown to me. These gardens look like Northern "hot-houses" out of doors.

I visited the Botanical Gardens, but was bewildered; the avenues of Royal Palms were magnificent, and I could comprehend them; but when I tell you that there are over three thousand different native plants inside the massive iron fence, you can see one hardly knows where to begin. The Havana University is here, and the gardens belong to it. The President of Cuba has a summer home adjoining the gardens.

I visited the Trocha, a fine hotel some distance out of town. It made a good terminus or turning point for an evening drive. Another point that one goes to out in the Western end of the city is the Colon Cemetery. About four o'clock you see many funerals coming in. The cemetery has many monuments, the two most noted being the Students' Monument and the Firemen's. The Students' Monument was erected in honor of the students of the Havana University who were deliberately murdered by the Spanish Volunteers. The story simply

makes one's blood boil. A Spanish Colonel of Volunteers published some derogatory remarks about Cuban women; he was challenged to a duel by a Cuban and was killed. He was buried in the Espada Cemetery in Havana. A crowd of medical students visiting the cemetery one day were loitering near his tomb, when one of them said something reflecting on the dead Colonel. It was repeated, enlarged upon and forty-three of these young-



Students' Monument in Colon Cemetery; a memorial tablet commemorating the same sad event is down near the Punta.

sters were arrested. They were accused of defacing the tomb, tried and acquitted; tried again with a packed court-martial, eight were sentenced to death, the oldest only sixteen years; the rest sentenced to hard labor.

The father of one of the boys, who was immensely wealthy, offered all for his boy's life. The vindictiveness of the Spanish Volunteers was not to be thwarted, and on the 27th of November, 1871, the



A Cuban Home. There are some poorer than this but many much handsomer, in fact some are almost palaces. This represents a high grade cottage. The flowers around it are most beautiful.

eight boys were shot at a spot out near the Punta. A memorial tablet was placed on the spot the 27th of November, 1899. The son of the Colonel who started all the trouble came to Cuba, examined his father's tomb, and made an affidavit that it had never been disturbed. The Spanish Cortes also pronounced the boys guiltless; so you can see, with such evidence after the murder, that the Cuban

whose home is Cuba and not Spain, can have no love for the Spanish Volunteer.

The Firemen's Monument is in memory of the death of thirty volunteer firemen, killed by an explosion of powder May 17, 1890. A full sized portrait in marble of each fireman is carved around the base of the monument.

The Cubans have many fine monuments and statues, also a few old forts. I am going to skip all I have not mentioned so far, except Morro and Cabanas, and will write a short letter about them.



The Fireman Monument in Colon Cemetery, one of the sights shown to visitors.

LETTER V.

Off to Matanzas—Scenes on the Way—Our Hoosier Captain—Caves of Bellmar.

On the evening of February 20 I resolved to be awake the following morning at six in order to take the train for Matanzas. Good resolves are not always kept, but this occasion demanded that no slip be allowed, so carefully at two A. M. I arose and consulted my watch, and again at three and regularly thereafter about every hour. And sufficient it is to say at five-fifty A. M. I stood before my glass, face lathered, razor in hand, making the beginning for the day. I might add that my "habitation" is on a street that begins business at two A. M. Noises come in bunches, floating through the open portals of my palace room—noises distinct and varied, yet in the aggregate of such respectful proportions as to demand the attention of the most languid. "Music," 'tis said, "has charms to woo the fickle god of sleep," so on other less important occasions I endeavor to imagine that the gentle and less gentle vibrations that agitate the murky atmosphere of the Southern early dawn are but the echoes of a comic opera.

At six-thirty A. M. I sat down to the ample repast of one orange, one glass of boiled milk, colored with the essence of coffee, and three diminutive slices of bread. We of the island of Cuba call this breakfast. You of colder and harsher

climes would pity the poor innocent wanderer who is compelled to witness such a travesty, and to also play the part. But anon, 'tis thus when one sallies forth into foreign parts to gather the experience of the world and break into the manners and customs of other people. Don't pity any of us, for think of the fun we will have in telling of it after the experience is of the past, and we say "when we were in Cuba."

At seven A. M. I boarded a street car which was marked "San Francisco, Muelle de Luz," and was wafted swiftly through the narrow streets to the Luz wharf, where I was to take the ferry at seven-thirty A. M. for an eight o'clock train for Matanzas. I had paid $6.20 for a round trip ticket, and at the wharf I was to meet a guide, to whom I was to pay $4.80 and join an excursion party; the $4.80 was to pay for all expenses of the day, luncheon, or as they call it here "second breakfast," carriage or volante ride, admission to cave, etc. By the way, the "etc." of an excursion are intangible, but the promoter of an excursion always insists that they be paid for; and it is well, because no one in search of the novel and curious would like to see their guardian scout left in the lurch on finances; yet if you should fail to get the "etc." of the excursion, it is not good form to ask that any change be returned. The charge is pro bono publico, which means that it being more blessed to give than receive, it is for the public good that you, as one of the public in this expense, should consider the blessing you obtain by giving.

Our guide of the day—Oh, how pleasantly do I think of him!—from Illinois he hailed. We called him Captain, the Hoosier Captain. Good humor enveloped him, as also did much perspiration. The day was hot and humid, and the dear Cap busy and moist, jokey and cheerful. He spoke Spanish as

well as English, and handled his Spanish as gracefully as a man eating peas with a knife; but he was on deck and "Johnny on the spot," and worth double the price. If not the best posted guide, which one may question, he was the best for the money this side of anywhere. His English was respectable, but at times unique and picturesque. He was like an old hen with a brood of chicks—a most motherly guide. Everything with him was "right"—"all right," "all right," and "right this way" and "right that way."



Cuban Village on the way to Matanzas.

As I seated myself on the upper deck of the ferry-boat, I glanced at a lady some fifteen feet from me, whose face was strangely familiar, and while trying to place her I was interrupted by a familiar voice, "Hello, Tom." It was our old friend Harry Knox of Chicago. He was doing Havana, etc., with his mother, Mrs. Floyd T. Logan, and Floyd, Jr., also of Chicago. With eager joy I

joined them, and the 21st, 22nd, 23rd and the morning of the 24th was made most pleasant in their company. I was their guest at many a good meal. (My hotel has a good reputation for meals, but then it is strictly Cuban in its menu.)

Well, to come back. The ferry is leaving the Havana side of the harbor, and steaming swiftly to where we take the cars. We pass the wreck of the "Maine," and fingers point and tongues wag as we swiftly come and go by that relic of the grim past.



A Country Family in Cuba. View on the way to Matanzas.

Ashore, "right" at the railway station, we embark for our sixty mile ride through picturesque Cuba to Matanzas, the home, the seat, the nurse of revolution and patriotism. The spirit of Matanzas freed Cuba from her bondage of mediaeval Spain. Like a panorama the country passed by as we sped toward our destination—rolling land, well tilled fields, avenues and clumps of royal palms, old villas and Cu-

ban huts, tropical fruits and vegetation in abundance, sugar-cane by the mile—corn, our own Indian corn, being also a part of the ever-changing landscape—blue sky, fleecy clouds, rainbow tints in the sky and on the land, rich dark green foliage, deep red earth, Oh, so red and red, all mixed in the most artistic harmony. The little naked babies, the simply white clad men and colored clad women, the heavily laden two and four-wheel ox teams, the mules, the men on horse back, the freight cars full



Ox Cart.

of sugar-cane, all increased the interest in the scene. The distance to many of these objects from our point of view, no doubt, added to the enchantment. Our nostrils aided not our sight, and our sight was not keen enough to depict aught but beauty. The ride was one of beauty, and the entire scene was described by the simple expression repeated and repeated, "Oh, isn't it beautiful!"

We arrived in Matanzas in about two hours.

Our train had attached to it a special car. It was placed at the disposal of the President of the Chicago & Alton Ry. and party. Of course, Harry Knox and I had to take possession of it; the best is none too good for the hustling wanderer, but we gave it up. The conversation between the student of English, the conductor or trainman, and the two students of Spanish, H. K. and T. G., was voluminous and polite; but there is no one so stupid as



In Front of the Hotel where we Breakfasted.

he who does not desire to be informed, and alas! we were too able to comprehend, and really we did fare as well in the end.

"Well, well, here we are all right." This was our Hoosier Captain. "Will you walk or ride to the hotel?" Our party decided to walk, the better to see the old town. Oh, whew! It was a hot day and we had in the excursion twenty-two people, average weight about one hundred and ninety pounds or

more. To bring up the average were three men, well described as our fat friend, our fatter friend, and the fattest friend—he who did not walk.

We arrived at the hotel pretty near en masse, and the genial guide, Hoosier Captain, said, "Walk right into the setting-room." Our fat friend said, "I do not know why anyone should walk into the setting-room; it is hot enough to hatch eggs outside." After the party had an opportunity to wash, breakfast was served. You would call it luncheon. We all had more or less of an appetite except Floyd and waded through our Cuban meal. Now, a Cuban meal is a good thing, but some people have had their digestive apparatus and palate trained so differently that it is difficult to appreciate the beauties of the unknown. I always want a pilot to steer my course on the meal proposition.

After dinner—I forget, after breakfast—our party went out and tried a volante. We boys sat in the seat and sat on the horse—the ladies tried the seat. Our permanent rig for the drive was a Montgomery Ward top surrey. Floyd Logan was our driver at first, and then Harry Knox took the ribbons. We drove en trail, eight vehicles, through the narrow streets of this quaint town; houses nearly all one story, windows and doors reaching from roof to floor; windows barred like a prison, doors with smaller doors in them, and nearly all ajar, with some one or more persons gazing out at the passing show. Children of all ages playing on side walks and street; many clad in but one garment, and sometimes not all of that; others in neat linen suits, bare-headed and barefooted, and here and there one togged out in the finest blue sash, blue socks, white or colored dress, the picture of a fond mother's darling dressed for Sunday school. The less these children had on and the dirtier they were, the happier they seemed;

but this is merely a supposition, not based on any corroborative interviews with the youthful natives.

"Here we are 'right' at the Central Park. There is the Government house, there is the Spanish club, etc. Here is where they executed the prisoners (for details refer to the Guide Book), and now we will see the handsome villa which General Wilson occupied. They now keep fighting chickens there"—Quotation from the Hoosier Captain. Driving on through the city, across a deep ravine, over a high bridge, we obtained a view of the harbor, a bay five miles long and one and a half miles wide. We still kept driving through country roads up steep hills towards our villa. Going was good for a while, when all of a sudden the first mate of our land-going vessel yelled "Rocks ahead!" Messrs. Fat, Fatter and Fattest had run aground. The horse, being a dumb brute, had to give expression to his feelings in sign language, which he did by refusing to go on. His remarks were so eloquent that Fat and Fatter disembarked, but Fattest stuck to his craft, and by much whipping the horse took up his lightened task.

The house we visited was, at one time, a handsome residence, with beautiful tropical gardens, but is occupied now only by care-takers, and where once was naught but beauty and grandeur, is sordidness and decay. Large and spacious rooms full twenty feet high, the interior trimmed with marble and tile, surrounded an immense "patio" or court. In front was a magnificent porch, and surrounding the court along the four inner walls was a covered court, thus permitting the passage from any room to another without going in the rain during wet weather. The house was two rooms deep in the front and sides. Old-fashioned kitchens in the rear on one side, designed for charcoal fires, were in style just like those seen in the ruins of Pompeii. An entrance between the kitchen and

immense lavatory was large enough to permit the passage of vehicles, presumably volantes, as in the earlier days these were the fashionable carriages. Every evidence was there of former luxury and comfort, and present privation and ruin. In the gardens roses were in bloom; beautiful colored foliage of unknown plants and trees; coffee plants were much in evidence, and many plants that in the North we see growing only in hot-houses. In the rear to the left was a cock-pit and a large number



Cuban Milk Vender

of game roosters. We were shown this as one of the sights of Matanzas. Our Hoosier Captain said, "Walk 'right' up and step in the ring," and the fattest man offered to fight the Captain if he did not supply us with a cock fight. Our fat man referred to this villa as the "Chicken Fight House."

We went from here to see a view of the Youmari valley. The hill was 470 feet high, and we could see for miles a most fertile plain, tilled and

cultivated, and again, "Oh, isn't it beautiful!" We visited the church of Montserrate, situated on this hill, a copy of the church of Montserrate in Spain, built in 880, which is said to contain a wooden image of the Virgin and Child.

We retraced our drive and reached the shore, giving us another and different view of the bay, and after a level drive of a mile, passing the bathing beach, we turned abruptly to the right, ascending the roughest of roads and steepest of hills. This



Typical Cuban Country Cart.

road is called Dog Tooth road on account of the jagged coral rocks. We were bound for the Caves of Bellmar—(and it was still hot). The hill was so rough and steep that it was necessary for three of our party to walk. When we reached the entrance of the cave we found a frame building, and a modern electric light plant, and a primitive lemonade and soft drink stand. (A primitive stand is good enough in an emergency.) As we drove up, old Cap was standing prominently in the foreground, counting

his money and his brood. It was one of the amusing sights to see the Cap count; he counted his crowd at least a dozen times at different places, and he counted his tickets and his money. This performance he seemed to go through everywhere we stopped.

The caves are high-vaulted chambers, connected by low and narrow passages; some passages enlarged since the caves were discovered, 1861. Formerly the only way to see the caves was by lighted torches, and they have so smoked the formations that much of the beauty is spoiled. It is now lighted by electricity, but the guides still carry torches for safety. The formations are of limestone, much the same as in the Mammoth Caves, and many odd and fantastic shapes are suggested to the imaginative mind. There is no ventilation, and though it was hot above, the close, humid atmosphere of the caves was oppressive, and the perspiration simply rolled off us slim ones; off the fat ones it was worse. Our fat friend thought he was stuck in a narrow passage and yelled, "I'm stuck, can neither go forward or back." It was rather startling at first, but he was a joker. Mrs. Knox felt the heat very much in the cave. While we were in the caves it rained, and the air felt cool and refreshing when we came to the surface.

As soon as we could we started back. Our carriage had become more or less wet, and I just sat on the seat for an instant; after that I braced myself and sort of floated two inches above the seat. Harry drove. Our chauffeur, a native boy who said he was eight years old, rode on the steps of the carriage, and was tickled so that he could hardly contain himself because Harry Knox whistled at the horse through his teeth. We were anxious to reach the station, drove fast, and raced a volante containing three Graces. In the morning they had been the crispest, cleanest, daintiest

things on the island, clean on the start—but no remarks on the finish. Heat, dust, rain, mud, deep red mud, railway travel, volante, walking, cave; this is enough to depict the finish, yet they were happy.

Cap counted us again, had us get our tickets signed, put us on the train. Floyd has not a strong appetite, and balks at many things to eat, except candy. He has not eaten much all day, and when the train stopped he bought two large pieces of cake. It was amusing to see Harry take a bite—of course, just to see if it was all right for Floyd to eat, then we all had to try it. Floyd thought he would like to buy a sandwich, and took what he thought to be one, only the man insisted on getting forty cents for it, and Floyd discovered he was buying a piece of white cheese.

We reached the ferry without any incident, except that we were counted again. We secured carriages after much difficulty, as the trolley line was out of service for over an hour, and arrived at the Inglaterra Hotel tired but satisfied. I went to my rooms, changed my attire, bathed, and then dined with Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Logan, Harry Knox and Floyd Logan, and spent an enjoyable and pleasant evening.

LETTER VI.

The Jai-lai Game — A Fascinating Game of Chance.

The other evening I went to see the "Hi-li" game (spelled Jai-lai). The building is enormous; holds thousands of people. I was with a party of five and we were held up for two dollars a seat in a box. We had a good view of the courts. The game is hand-ball with curved scoops for racquets. The court is 175 ft. long, 36 ft. wide, and I believe the side and end walls are about 70 ft. high.

They start out first, two men playing against each other. They have about eight different men, and as soon as one player misses, another takes his place until one player can win six times. This is tame, and it looks as if they were just warming up, waiting for the "ready money" to come in.

About nine-thirty the crowd thickens; a new game starts. Four players get on the courts, two with white shirts and two with blue shirts. They are to play a game of thirty points to win. These men get $5,000 a year for playing this game, and only work three months, but have to quit when they are thirty years old. They give out.

Now, this is where I let you into the secret of the game. The people bet on either the white or the blue; but wait, it is great. The owners of the place, a stock company, get ten per cent on all the wagers. Why, that is like having money left to you.

Well, the floormen in red caps halloo out something that sounds like, "This train for Squedunk,"

etc.; but it is the odds on the game, "ten to eight," the blues the favorites. The game progresses; the blue creeps ahead slowly; the odds change until it is ten to two; the score twenty-three for the blues and the whites only twelve. I remark to my companions that anyone is foolish to wager their money on the whites. I guess I must have made a number of sage remarks on the game previous to this,



Post Card View of Jai-lai Game, taken from a position near my Box.

for a Frenchman who was in the box, and to whom I had given an extra chair for his companion, leaned over and said in fair English, "Do not bet on the favorites; they seldom win." I did not even bet a nickel; I just waited. The whites made two points, the blues one; the whites three points, the blues one, and at last it stood 29 to 29, and the whites won and the house won, and most of the crowd lost. My, what a noise! But the crowd will come back again.

This is the only gambling-place running, and as soon as its charter expires it goes out of existence, and all of its property reverts to the government. I do not know whether I was any more excited than the rest of the crowd, but I was tired, and on the dot of eleven was at my hotel, at eleven-seven asleep, and slept about as sound as Rip Van Winkle.



Street Cleaner.

LETTER VII.

A Fishing Expedition—Salutes the "Sumner"—A Lively Time with the Shark but no Luck.

One afternoon an American told me that for $1.50 I could join a party that night for a shark fishing expedition. At six-thirty P. M. I was at the wharf; found the launch and party. Within two hundred yards the United States transport "Sumner" lay at anchor, her clean cut lines and dead white sides making a beautiful picture for an American to feast his eyes on. While standing there the "Sumner" lifted anchor and slowly drifted down the harbor. In a moment of impulse I reached the whistle-cord and saluted the ship of my country, and most graciously the big ship returned my salute in the deep bass of its powerful whistle. We were near enough so that we could be plainly seen, and all the passengers (guests of the government) waved their salutes. We had done the proper thing and from our start the harbor followed suit. We waited and watched until the hull of the "Sumner" became a speck on the horizon, and then started after our prey, the hyenas of the sea.

Darkness was settling on Havana and the lights were twinkling in increasing numbers, looking like gems glistening on a ground of navy blue. The street car, brilliantly lighted, moved along the harbor's edge like a thing of life, and a spot adjacent to the Punta looked like a sun-burst. Overhead the sky twinkled with stars, and the smooth surface of the harbor reflected all the beauty of the

night and made what was entrancing just doubly so. Old Morro, with its beacon light, marked the spot for us to cast our line.

We made straight across the harbor to the northern end of Cabanas, towing behind two natives in a boat. At Cabanas a small boat awaited us with bait—dead and rotten fish from one to two feet in length. We took the small boat in tow and one additional native, going to a spot near Morro, and



Hotel Boats lying at moorings. Our shark fishing expedition started from this point.

right in the channel we cast our anchor. Our lines were like clothes-lines, our hooks twelve inches long, and the hook three or four inches across, with dangerous looking barbs. The hooks were fastened to chains three feet long, and the chains then attached to the lines. The man in the small boat baited the hooks, threw out about fifteen dead fish, then took the ends of the lines and rowed about one hundred feet away from the launch and dropped the

hooks right in the channel. The habit of the shark is to follow ships up the channel, picking up the offal.

It is unnecessary to follow up each catch and failure. We did not land a single shark the night I was with them, much to my pleasure. We hooked many, but they all got away. We lost three hooks; in one case the shark had bent the barb flat, and made marks in the metal as if it had been hit with a hammer. In another case the shark swallowed the hook and three feet of chain, and the rope was cut as clean as with a knife. We raised a number above the water. In one instance we had the head a foot out of water on one side. The body was under the boat, and the flopping of the tail on the other side of the boat completely drenched several of the party. We tried to harpoon it, but for some reason failed, and I think most of the party gave a sigh of relief when the line parted and down into the deep sea our shark disappeared—the white belly, the dark glistening sides, the wicked fin, and the most beautiful blue eyes, small and glittering, blue as the deep colored sky on a clear day, but as wicked and fiendish as you could wish.

When a shark takes the bait he plays with it for a moment and then starts off like a locomotive. If you have not much slack in the line, the first tightening of the line may part it. I held the line for an instant, but was glad to let it go, as it whizzed past through my hand; after that I let the three hired fishermen do the work. One of our party had the flesh torn from the inside of his hands. We fished until eleven o'clock. It was the only time during my visit to Havana that I saw a native Cuban in a hurry. Every time we hooked a shark the native fishermen hopped around the deck, their heads, their arms, their feet all in motion; to watch them was alone worth the trip.

When I look back at this one incident of travel,

it is with pleasure—the passing of the "Sumner," the beauty of Havana at night from the haven, the majesty of Morro and Cabanas, the beauty of all, the excitement and novelty, made it a time to be remembered.



LETTER VIII.

Music at the Prado—Enjoyed by Thousands in Gala Attire—Attend the Balls and Learn the "Danza."

During the past two weeks my time has been so fully occupied that on Sunday I fell asleep at one P. M. and never woke up until four P. M.

The city of Havana has a beautiful wide street, the Prado, double drive-way and park in the center. It is more than a kilometer long and less than a mile. It leads from the Central Park and main hotel location to the Punta.

The Punta is an old fort erected on a point of land opposite Morro Castle, and is on the right hand side of the harbor entrance when coming into the harbor. At the Punta begins the Malecon (the Spanish name for sea wall), which really is used for the name of the beautiful shore drive that skirts the horse-shoe curve of the Havana seashore outside the harbor. I have referred to these in a previous letter.

At the intersection of the Prado and the Malecon is a magnificent stone band-stand, surrounded by many seats. With this band-stand as a center, there circles a broad drive-way, the inner curb being not less than one hundred feet from the band-stand. This drive-way is part and parcel of the shore drive and the Prado. When anyone says they will meet you at the Malecon, this is the spot to which they refer. Upon certain evenings, three times a week, there is music from eight to ten-thirty. The place

is one of gala attire. On the seats you see the middle classes; it costs five cents per person to sit down. The payment of the price is honored with a ticket, which permits the taking of any seat, so at the intermission you get up and walk around and around, looking at the others and showing yourself. Circling around the drive-way are handsome equipages; they, too, driving to see and be seen.

I spent three evenings listening to the music,



Colon Park, which is located at the Southern end of the Prado. This Park is one block from the Quinta Avenida at one extremity, and two blocks from the Tacon Market.

dressed in light blue suit and summer underwear, enjoying the cooling breeze from the Gulf, and wondering how it was with all my friends up North. The Cubans seem to be a music-loving people, and have good music and much of it this time of the year. One evening I attended a comic opera. I understood about one word in a thousand; but the music was good and I could smile at a few clownish

actions. The Carnival season began on the twenty-fourth of February. Of course, the American ball was on Washington's birthday, and the Cubans were more or less engaged in playfulness on that day.

I attended two Spanish balls by invitation. Every courtesy is extended to Americans. These balls were masquerades, and were both given by commercial societies. The gorgeous hues and modest tints blended and changed so that the dancing floor was one continuous kaleidoscope of fascinating colors. The dancing is slow, that is moderate, a luxurious method for one who likes the thrill of music, but whose activity is not that of the undeveloped calf and cunning kitten, such as we see at so many of our so-called "swell" functions of the North. Your wanderer has learned the "Danza," and if it is possible to remember it, will bring it home as an addition to his vacation. A Cuban lady at the American ball worked hard to teach me.

The balls are attended by men in business suits; the girls in fancy costumes or light dresses, light in color and weight, except a deep red, which is very much used. Of course, the "upper ten," the diplomats and wealthy, wear evening dress at their private functions, and there are some club or association balls that seem to request it.

At this festal season there are balls for all. The National Theatre, the largest theatre in Havana, conducts a masquerade ball for three nights, admission one dollar. This is attended by negroes and whites indiscriminately, and there seems to be no distinction in the selection of partners. The dancing floor is surrounded by a tier of boxes, and it is from them you can watch the dancers. This ball runs until four or five A. M. Drinking is allowed in the café in front of the theatre, and a large court-yard, which has a dancing floor 100x50 feet

and a bar; both these drinking places belong to the theatre.

Although the crowd is made up of the most heterogeneous mass of the poorest and worst classes, perfect order is maintained. I counted no less than ten policemen on the dancing floor. They never have any trouble, I am informed by an educated Cuban, and a ball of this kind is allowed for three days once every year. As a class, the Cubans seem to be polite at all times, and even in this Bowery "Grande Masque," gentle manners prevail. I will try to describe the Carnival parade in my next letter.



Meat Wagons coming down the Prado near the Pasaje Hotel.

LETTER IX.

The American Ball—Alice Roosevelt—President Palma and Alice go to the Theatre—Independence Day—The Carnival.

This is Carnival season and there is something going on all the time. I am like a child with a circus in town, three Christmases and a Sunday-school picnic all at once.

One morning we visited the Cabanas and Morro Castle; in the afternoon a cigar factory and a candy bakeshop; strolled up and down Obispo, O'Reilly and San Rafael streets. Another day we visited the catacombs, the orphan asylum, the jail and a real candy factory, the "Estrella." On the evening of February twenty-second took Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Logan to the American ball. We saw Alice Roosevelt. She had on a yellow dress, Princess style, not lemon or orange, but between; cut low, but not very; trimmed on the edge with cord en train about thirty-six inches, and butterfly bows on her shoulders; one string of pearls around her neck, and one diamond pin in her hair. Her hair is brown, and she wears it low over her forehead. Her complexion was good, as were her features; her figure slender. I stood alongside of her for about six minutes. She very considerately walked right to where I stood and then stopped. She behaved herself, under what anyone would admit was a very difficult occasion, with credit to herself and her country. For any minor details of costume, consult Mrs. K. Knox or Mrs. F. T. Logan.

I might mention that I stood on the balcony of

the American Club,* to which I have a card, and saw President Palma, Alice and the rest go to the theatre. That was on another evening. I have



Jose Marti Monument in Central Park. The leader in the movement for the freedom of Cuba. Marti was born in Havana in 1853, and killed in battle in 1895. He is credited with leading or inspiring the revolution which began Feb. 24, 1895. Feb 24 is celebrated in Cuba as a national holiday.

been indebted to Charlie Thrall of Havana for my card to the club, and many other little courtesies.

February 24th is Independence day in Cuba,

*The American Club is in the white building facing Central Park. See illustration, page 24.

and they have festivals; first for three days, then for the following three Sundays. I have not been able to trace the connection between the festivals and Independence day, but I will describe the festivities. You can observe the balcony of the American Club on the left hand in the picture of the Prado, page 24. On Saturday, balls, theatre parties, etc. Mrs. Longworth attended the grand opera. All the diplomats and élite in their best clothes placed themselves on exhibition, and Alice



Street Corner Merchant, opposite American Club, corner Central Park. A thriving business done here on Independence day.

gazed from her box on five thousand people and five thousand people gazed at Alice. Not less than ten thousand people were on the outside, until the President's party drove up, to see our representatives. From the vantage point of the balcony of the American Club I watched the panorama.

Sunday was celebrated by mass in the churches in the morning and the afternoon given over to gaiety. The Prado and extension about a mile one way was a parade ground. The Prado is like our



Fruit Vender.

Midway in a slight degree. The center has a broad cement walk, with beautiful laurel trees on each side, and on either side of the walk is a broad driveway, then sidewalk again and then the buildings. Taking the two drive-ways, the length would approximate two miles.

From the buildings to the trees hung festoons of many colored serpentine confetti. (Serpentine confetti is a narrow paper ribbon one-quarter of

an inch wide.) At four P. M. the parade started. It consisted of two-horse carriages, horses either tandem or side by side; none other could go in the parade. In these carriages rode people in masks or light costumes, much dressing being done by the ladies. Probably half of the carriages contained people in gala dress. These carriages were festooned with serpentine confetti. This confetti comes in bundles made up of a number of little coils, rolled up like you would roll up a tape measure.



Vegetable Men.

You take the inside end and hold it in your hand and then throw the coil; this sends out a long streamer. As the carriages pass along the spectators on the sidewalk and those in the parade have a battle with each other, throwing confetti until the carriages are covered and the street a mass of confetti from curb to curb. The street being wide, it was permitted that the automobiles and one-horse carriages drive along with the parade, but not of it. These vehicles also did battle with the paraders,

and much fun and jollity ensued thereby. The firemen had a bevy of beautiful girls (I think a bevy is about a dozen) in hose wagons. There were a few other special wagons, but mostly carriages.

You think all this is foolish, but the first thing you know you are buying confetti and are foolish with the rest. I rode in the parade one day and then threw confetti the other two days. There were four of us busy, one about eight years, one about ten years, and then another about my age, and thus it is we pass the time away.

LETTER X.

Tacon Market—Visited with Young Lady—Taken for Married Couple and Given Fruit for "Billy."

Thursday morning I arose at five-thirty and at six-thirty met a young lady employed at an information and ticket office, and we visited the Tacon Market together. I was much interested in this market and had been there several times. The various tropical fruits are a curiosity to me. The man in charge of the ticket office advised me to see it



Picture of Meat Wagon taken in front of Market.

early in the morning, and it was thus that your son "hiked" out of bed before sunrise; and it was worth the trouble.

You have been at the Twelfth Street Market in Philadelphia; well, this was like it, only so different. It was men selling to women, the women

buying for the homes, boarding-houses and hotels. The swarthy marketmen and the stout, soft-spoken senoras, the fruit and the unknown tongue, made it seem strange. We ate our breakfast (ham and eggs and coffee) in the market; then, with what little Spanish I could command, I made inquiries for a man who could talk English. We found one, a wholesale dealer. He took the young lady and I for a married couple, investigating the question of household economy in the commissary line. He gave us some fruit for our boy, whom we with audacious mendacity called Billy. He was delighted to have made such a good guess and referred to the mythical Billy frequently. He insisted on our taking as samples two cucumbers, a half dozen tomatoes and some unknown vegetables, but I shied when he pressed us to take a couple of onions.

To appease our conscience, we bought some alligator pears, a pine-apple, some oranges and



Tobacco Cart.

other fruits, thus making him more and more anxious to hold our trade. After our trading we tramped through the place. I do not know when they butcher, but the meat is hauled to market in very peculiar looking wagons. The seat is like



Bread Man.

that in the ice wagons of Chicago and is wide enough for three men to sit side by side. The wagon's sides and ends are made of slats that slant downwards, which permits the circulation of air,

but prevents the direct rays of the sun to penetrate. I have seen negroes, black as coal, with no other clothing on except a shirt, open at the throat, and sleeves rolled up, and with trousers rolled up knee high, bare-footed and bare-headed, hustling this meat. To tell the truth, the more I see of meat down here, the more of a vegetarian I become. They do keep their vegetables and fruit clean. They keep their fish in tanks and chickens on the roof in this market. It is very large and very good. I have been back several times, and always receive a welcome from my man.

LETTER XI.

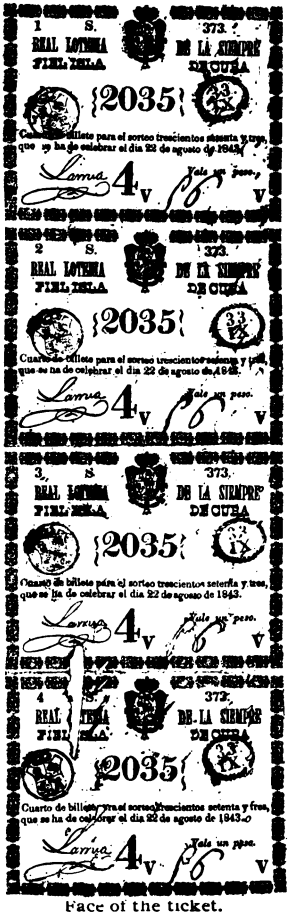
Gambling Once Prevalent now a Thing of the Past—A Lucky Draw of $3,000.

Outside of the Jai-lai games I have not seen any gambling in Havana, but I have been told that in the forties, lotteries were a great institution; and in the year 1859, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., in writing about Havana, said that the city was flooded with lottery ticket-venders. Tickets were for a grand lottery which was guaranteed by the government. The slaves would beg and steal in order to buy lottery tickets in the hope of securing a prize and thereby be able to purchase their freedom.

I was talking about lotteries with a young Frenchman, who acted as my guide on numerous occasions and who also spoke the Spanish language. He took from his pocket an old lottery ticket of 1843 and gave it to me. It was a prize-winner, having won three thousand pesos or Spanish dollars, the receipt for the money having been written on the back. He said the title was "Royal Lottery of the Ever Faithful Island of Cuba." The drawings were monthly, with a prize list of $120,000, but once a year it was $180,000. This lottery, he said, yielded the Spanish crown over $2,000,000 a year, which, with a total in prizes of $15,000,000 a year, shows what an immense sum must have changed hands on the drawing of a few numbers. The ticket I have is a four pesos or four dollar ticket, but it could have been sold in fourths had the pur-



Reverse side showing receipt for $3.000 which this ticket won.



Face of the ticket.

Reduced reproduction of Lottery Ticket of Aug. 22, 1843. The winner received 3000 Pesos on Sept. 16, 1843, and receipted on back of ticket.

chaser only wanted to venture one dollar. It seems, however, that Senor Lopez was a plunger, for he bought the whole ticket. There are many stories, he said, of trouble occurring because of the lottery, and it had been suppressed in Cuba, but it seems that the inhabitants still send money to Spain to take their chances on the Spanish lottery. I do not know whether this ticket is of any particular value as a curiosity, but as it is very old and will not stand much handling, I will have a photograph made of it when I return home.

LETTER XII.

An Enjoyable Evening—Visit to a Sugar Mill—How the Sugar is Made—Merely a Kitchen Doing Business.

The other evening, at our hotel, we gathered around the corridor, which answers for a hotel parlor, and chatted in Spanish. After a short time one of the party sat at the piano and drummed a simple air. Soon a hum of music started, and from seven-forty-five until ten-fifteen we had one continuous musical performance with occasional dances; the dancing very moderate. Many Spanish songs were sung and we had a duet; two Spanish ladies sang it, a soprano and an alto—something exquisite. I was informed that the ladies were noted for their voices. I have heard much music since I came here and have enjoyed it.

The other day I expended the sum of three dollars and joined a party going to a sugar-mill. We had a five-seated automobile, four to a seat. The guide said it was a forty-mile ride. Later on I was told it was a thirty-mile ride. Well, whatever it was, it was dusty. I wore my light blue suit and it became gray by the time I returned. The dust works through the clothing. I had to change everything and take a bath when I returned.

The country through which we passed was much the same as we saw from the train window going to Matanzas, but hardly so beautiful. The roads were like turn-pikes made from very soft

limestone, and the wind and moving car kept a cloud of dust flying, so possibly our perceptions were beclouded. The road was lined with trees along each side, and was one continuous avenue of palms, laurels, locusts, cocoanuts and other trees. For the greater part of the way the fields were separated from the road by a living fence of cacti. We passed many two-wheel carts piled high with sugar-cane,



Second floor of the Quinta Avenida. Here is where we gathered in the evening to sing and to converse. It is one side of the covered porch and would be called the hotel parlor. The other three sides were used as dining-rooms. Bed-rooms opened off these corridors.

all being hauled by two, four or six oxen. We saw sugar-cane twenty feet high growing in the fields we passed; its plumed tops waving in the breeze made a graceful sight and filled the hearts of the ladies with a desire for plumes, so we stopped and got one for each lady.

The mill we visited has a capacity of fifty thousand bags of sugar a year, and is running at half its capacity because of a scarcity of cane. The



Plowing on a Cuban Sugar Plantation.

sugar-cane is brought in carts to a run-way and conveyor, and is hauled up on an endless chain to a crusher, the solid part of the cane passing out at one end, the juice running out below. The cane pulp is burned under the boilers and the juice is strained and boiled. It passes through three or four different cookings in pots before the brown sugar is "shot" into bags for shipping. At the first cooking the juice was in open pots that we could look at,

and it had a scum six inches deep on top—just mud. The final process consists in putting it in a centrifugal machine to separate the sugar from the molasses. I was glad I saw the mill, for I will know more about sugar mills when I read about them. However, the day was hot and dusty and the mill was a kitchen doing business, and none of us could enthuse very much. The sugar industry is a large one in Cuba and has made many people very wealthy.

I expect to leave at five o'clock Monday afternoon. From now on I will take things easy. Have seen nearly all the sights and can read the history of Cuba with interest.



Cutting Cane on a Cuban Sugar Plantation.



A Modern Sugar Mill in Cuba.



Ox Cart similar to those used to haul sugar-cane.

LETTER XIII.

Cabanas and Morro again Visited—Another Carnival Parade—Preparing to Leave.

I sent several packages of postal cards and films to Margaret to-day. I have tried to have something moving in the mails at all possible times, but no doubt you do not receive anything for several days, and then several pieces of mail at one time.

To-day I went to Cabanas and Morro Castle for the second time; only two in the party and a very interesting guide. The first time I went there was a party of twenty-two and it was unsatisfactory. It was by accident that I had the second opportunity. The old fortifications are very interesting. Morro Castle was completed in 1597, a fac-simile of a Moorish fortress at Lisbon. I cannot describe it, for it would take too long. It is all rock, part cut out of a solid promontory of rock and part built of masonry. There is lots of history connected with it and the guides are making new history every day. This history-making business is easy; all you need is a good imagination and an easy conscience and you are off. Morro is on the point opposite Havana and lying back of it; along the shore is Cabanas or Cabana. Cabana was completed in 1774 and cost $14,000,000. I do not know who kept the books, but do know that prices in Havana are high at the present time. Cabana is used as a barracks for the Cuban soldiers. You can get a splendid view of the city and harbor from there. Inside the

Cabana is a labyrinth of turnings and ways; you can lose yourself.

In both Cabana and Morro you see dungeons, prisons, decrepit guns and useless cannon balls. They are not worth much except as relics and interesting historical exhibits. Everyone seemed to think that I, too, was a curiosity, because I went over the same ground twice. The best way to go,



Morro Castle in a Storm.

though, is for two or three people to hire a guide and make it a small excursion.

It grew extremely warm to-day and I rested all the afternoon. At four P. M. another carnival parade started, just like the one about which I wrote. Sunday stops at noon here. Church begins early, five o'clock in the morning. As I sit in my room I hear the music of a ball just across the street. I know of at least six balls going on



Dead Line and Interior of Cabanas Fortress.



View of Parapet of Fort Cabanas.

this evening. I passed them all coming from Mr. Lychenheim's home to my room.

The cafés are crowded with masqueraders and people in gala attire, and everyone is cheerful and happy. These people are like children in many ways. I spent the evening with Mr. J. Lychenheim and his wife in their apartments. He was a class-mate of mine and has been exceedingly courteous to me. I came home at eleven, but will not be able to sleep for the noise, gaiety and music that keeps floating up from the streets; so I thought I would write these few lines to you to-night and mail them, as I will be busy making my arrangements to leave in the morning. I am having difficulty about my state-room. The steamer on which I sail has not come in. We are supposed to leave at five P. M., but, no doubt, it will be morning before we clear, so I will mail this now.

You noticed in a previous letter that I said we expect to leave five P. M. Monday, and now we are supposed to leave at five P. M. I will write you another letter on the steamer and then it will be definite. In this warm and luxurious climate many things have to wait until after they happen before you can fix the time. I am frequently ahead of time when I am late. I will mail a postal at the wharf before I get on the steamer.

LETTER XIV.

State-room Troubles—En Voyage—Parting Views of Havana.

My steamer was expected to leave Monday at five P. M.; then there was a supposition to that effect. Well, it is two P. M. Tuesday and we are now outside the harbor, having left at one P. M. Tuesday, March 6th. I am on the Yucatan, bound for Vera Cruz, with one stop scheduled at Progresso.

On Monday I made no less than five trips to the office of the Ward Line to get my state-room. My trunk and other baggage was at the express office but could not be delivered until I had my reservation, and at six P. M. my efforts were still unsuccessful. My room at the Quinta Avenida had been given up, my baggage was in possession of the Southern Express Company, and word given that no one could go aboard the steamer until Tuesday morning at eleven. The manager of the express company was a brick; he put me on the track of a room, and it is no easy matter to locate one in a rush, for Havana is crowded to its limit at this time; he also hunted up my dress suit case.

It was hot Monday night and early Tuesday I was astir; at eight o'clock stood waiting in line with others for my state-room; at nine o'clock, triumphant, I sought the express company, and left instructions for the delivery of my baggage. Incidentally, I might mention I hired a carriage and

made my rounds in comfort; a few good-byes to friends who had been kind to me, and then to the wharf.

The United States will quarantine against Havana on March 15th, and all passengers leaving Havana are examined. The doctor has his office above the landing stage. You go upstairs and wait, and when your turn comes you present your ticket, and if you are going to any port in the United States, he places his finger down your neck, between your collar and neck (not down your throat, as some people thought he would do), and feels your temperature. If you have no signs of fever you are immediately passed, but if your temperature is above normal and skin dry, you stand to one side to await further examination.

When I showed my ticket for Vera Cruz he only smiled and said, "It would be different if you were coming from there." Vera Cruz has yellow fever much of the time. Havana is the cleanest city I have been in, as far as one can see. You will notice in every part of the city a half dozen or more men going around with oil cans; these are sanitary gangs. The streets are clean and are kept clean all of the time. You will always see "White Wings" uniformed street cleaners working. On March 5th there was not a single case of yellow fever in Havana.

By eleven o'clock I was on the lighter, and by noon my baggage was in my state-room, and I was ready to take my leave of the city that had treated me kindly, had added to my knowledge of the ways of mankind, and given to me memories that will be pleasant reminiscences as life's days fade one by one into the everlasting past.

I stood by the rail gazing upon the busy scene; the time slipped by and soon we started on our journey. The wreck of the "Maine," the vessels of various nationalities, the guadanos or harbor

boats, the wharves, the Presidio, the Punta, Cabanas and Morro, all seemed to glide past us. I viewed the scenes with my physical sight, and from the inner vision of the mind I pictured them as they had been. The old flag floating over Cabanas seemed to wave me a parting salute, old Morro gave me a friendly nod, and the Punta seemed to be reaching out to hold me back. The world is full of sentiment; we could not live without it, and I could not but feel a tinge of sadness as



View of Havana.

gradually we made our way into the welcoming waters of the Gulf, seeing the places I had come so far to see fading into the dim distance.

The day was one of superb beauty. We turned Westward, the view almost indescribably entrancing; the sea dark blue along shore, deep green farther out; the houses in the bright sunlight showing up the tinted pinks, blues and greens, the shades of yellow and browns, the dark red roofs, the back-

ground of verdant vegetation, and over all the blue sky, flecked here and there with a tiny cloud.

But now we must think of many things beside the beautiful. I have written you my last letter of Cuba and a few impressions, and am called to other work, as the dinner has been announced. The air is bracing and my appetite in trim. This steamer has a good steward, a German cook, and he serves five meals a day, and an imitation breakfast, if you want it, real early — a real nice breakfast at seven. As it was too hot in Havana to eat much, and my many years of training on Northern cooking sort of put me out of line on the Havana style of food, I am promising myself that I will enjoy a few extra meals. This letter will be mailed March 9th at Progresso and should reach Chicago March 19th.

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